

Millionaire's Comment.

THEY say that money cannot buy the sweetest things in life—Health, heaven, friends, respect, content.

Or even a loving wife.

They say that money cannot buy These things for me, alas! But I—Well, I don't know!

What bought my private car? Just wealth.

What bought my lovely yacht, Which sails me to the lands where health is found in every spot?

What pays my specialist, dear Jim, To keep me in such perfect trim?

Well, I don't know!

What bought the most delightful wife A man could hope to win?

What buys her every wish in life—The clothes she dandles in?

And if her heart beats not for me And I am not adored, you see—Well, I don't know!

And heaven? Oh, of course I don't Expect to get in free.

But if the Lord meant what he said Concerning charity,

The title I'll give before I die Will slip me through the needle's eye.

Or—I don't know!

For happiness?—Well, money bought This ninety cent cigar.

It bought this chair in which I toil;

It bought this private car;

It bought this cognac—and, I guess, If all this is not happiness,

Well, I don't know!

—Helen Rowland in New York Press.

Wanted Proof.

Representative Chalk Beeson of Kansas, the head of a forestry station that gives trees to farmers, in an address to a woman's congress said: "Trees are like children. In the beginning they give us a great deal of trouble and worry, and in the end we are very proud of them. Young trees are vexatious; young children are the same. I know of a man who sat in his study one afternoon writing a speech when his son called shrilly from the garden: 'Papa, papa, look out of the window!'

"What a nuisance children are!" grumbled the old man, but rapidly he put down his pen and with a half smile advanced to the window promptly and stuck forth his head.

"Well, John, what is it?" said he.

"The boy from a group of youngsters called up, 'Papa, Jimmie Smith did not believe that you had no hair on the top of your head!'"

—Baltimore Sun.

Official Courtesy Unappreciated.



Young Policeman (running in old-fashioned)—Mind the step, there.

Old Offender (scornfully)—Garn w' yer! I knowed these ere steps afore you was born.—Tattler.

The Count's Baseless Fear.

"I haf come," said the count, "to spik to you, Meestaire Moneybag, about one what you call beem important mat-taire."

"Ah, yes, count, I understand! Have a chair. You wish, I presume, to speak to me about my daughter."

"No, pardon, not zat. I haf seen ze tax list where he say you haf only fifty thousand what you call beem dol-laire."

"Oh—ho, ho! That's all right, count. Don't worry about that. My office boy, to whom I had transferred \$5,000,000 worth of gold bonds, which he held while the assessment was being fixed, has just handed them back. They're here in the safe now. Do you want to see them?"

"Merci, monsieur! You haf lift what you call beem a weight from my mind."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

According to Her Taste.



"Have you been touching the barometer, Jane?"

"Yes, mum; I've just put it to 'very dry,' cos it's my day out tomorrow."

—Tattler.

Modern Titles.

"Say, is the big noise in?" inquired the visitor as he entered the office.

"Naw. He's out feedin'."

"Well, where is the chief gazabo—the one who has charge when the big noise is out?"

"He's outa town."

"Ain't there some one here who acts as the main squeeze when they're away?"

"Nobody but me."

"And who are you?"

"I'm de snuffl bunch—de guy what sweeps out de office. See?"

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Succeeded Too Well.

The multimillionaire sits in gloomy and lonely grandeur in the heart of his vast forest preserve.

"It's a mistake," he sighs. "I went too far. Now that I have bought up all the land for forty miles in each direction and have fenced in the property not a soul can come around to see how I am enjoying my money. I'll have to induce some one to get out a court order compelling a road to be cut through my property or I'll be as forgotten as a hermit."

—Judge.

Brother Gardner And Big Words

He Speaks Against Them and Rakes His Comrades Over the Coals.

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"MY friends," said Brother Gardner of the Limekiln club as he rose in his place the other evening, "I want to say a few words to you on a subject dat has been befo' us two or three times befo'. I am referin' to de use of big words by members of dis club."

"You all know my opinyun on de matter, and yet it seems dat dar am some among you who don't mean to heed it. I have alius held and alius shall dat when a pesson can make hisself plainly understood by his feller men he shouldn't go gropin' around in de dark in search of anything more. When a man understands you to say dat you will black a stove for 25 cents



"WHEN ALONG COMES BRUDDER FLAPJACK WHITE."

or whitewash a kitchen ceilin' for 75 I don't see whar any big words am gwine to help de case any."

In the Grocery Store.

"A few nights ago I was in a grocery high my house to git a pound o' sugar. I asked for one pound, and de grocer understood. I didn't use no big words in askin' for a pound, and he didn't use any in sayin' it would be 7 cents and no trust. I had got de sugar when Kurnel Kabiff come in. He had his hat on his ear and was steppin' high and didn't dun notice me. He wanted two pounds o' oatmeal, and he walks up to de counter and says:

"'Mistah White, de transcendent qualifications of your pre-eminent and disqualifications of oatmeal has tempted me to become a purchaser agin'."

"He got his meal, and walked out wid a feelin' dat he had crushed dat grocer as flat as a pancake, but dat am whar he was mistook. When Brud-der Kabiff had gone de grocer turned to me and said:

"'If dat am one of de fool niggers of your club you'd better learn him to talk English."

"I was in a coal office a few days ago," continued the old man, "and Brud-der Samuel Shin dropped in to order a quarter of a ton. It wasn't sufficient for him to say how much he wanted and hand ober his money, but he had to swell out his chest and clear his throat and roll up his eyes and observe dat owing to de emblematical disqualifi-cation of de embargo he found hisself prehistorically impelled to purchase less dan his usual quantity of carbo-verous combustion. De look of self com-placency on his face as he walked out would put a June maw'nin' outter biz-ness purty quick. I notice dat Brud-der Shin am wid us yere tonight, and I want to ax him what he meant by his langwidge."

When 'Twas Transacted.

"I meant dat I hadn't only money 'nuff to pay for a quarter of a ton of coal, sah," replied Samuel as he stood up.

"But why didn't you say so in plain English?"

"I—I dunno, sah. Reckon it was be-cause I had been readin' Shakespeare."

"Mebbe it was. You keep right on readin' Shakespeare and talkin' big words and you'll git dar bimeby. You kin sot down."

"One day a week ago I was in a lumber yard to git de old woman a new ironin' board. De lumber man and me was talkin' about de beef trust and how much bigger it was dan de United States when along comes Brud-der Flapjack White. He seed we was talkin', but he was so swelled up dat he butted in wid:

"'Mistah Brown, it appears to be de consensus of de amplification dat de rotundity of de times demands a re-junination of de economic conditions."

"Havin' got off dat speech, he bought six pieces of lath for a nickel and walked off. He bore hisself like a man who had jest won a great victory, but when he was out o' hearin' de lumber man turned to me and asked if dat was one of de lunatics of de Limekiln club. He also said dat if he had been alone he would have given Brud-der Flapjack de boot. Stand up, brudder, and tell me de meanin' of consensus?"

Brother Flapjack in Doubt.

"I dunno, sah," was de reply.

"What am rotundity?"

"Can't dun say."

"Waal, what am rejunination?"

"Reckon it his sunthin' to do wid a lumber yard."

"Oh, you do. Waal, I take pleasure in

informin' you dat it has a heap mo' to do wid a fool. Sot down and rest your weary limbs, Brud-der Flapjack."

"One evenin' not long since I dropped into a cobbler shop to git a lift put on de heel of my shoe. De cobbler and me was talkin' 'bout dat western con-gressman who stole a million acres of government land, when Brud-der Olive-adam Jones walked in as if he owned de airth and said:

"'Cobbler, de perspicacity of de re-flex impels me to eventuate de impos-sibility of de occasion. Can you do it or not?"

"De cobbler sot dar wid his mouth open and his eyes bulgin' out, and Brud-der Jones went on to make use of sich words as 'genuflexions,' 'termi-nate,' 'assimilate,' 'transmogrify' and 'abominate.' If I hadn't stood up and told him to delineate his transportive pathology out of dat, I don't know what calamity would have happened. Brud-der Jones, stand up."

"Yes, sah."

Brother Jones is Reproved Also.

"What was your errand in dat cob-bler shop?"

"To git half soles on my shoes."

"Why didn't you tell de cobbler so?"

"I was gwine to, sah."

"You wanted to git off de big words first. I see. What am genuflexions?"

"I don't remember."

"What am assimilate?"

"It's when you dun feel bad."

"And transmogrify?"

"Can't say."

"I thought you couldn't. You may set down, Brud-der Jones, your record in de Limekiln club am a good one. Since bein' a member you have killed a mad dawg, climbed a greased pole, shot an owl and kicked a football over a house. Don't get to be an idiot and smash your record."

"If Brud-der Beebe am in de hall to-night I'd like to say a few words to him."

Brother Beebe was there and stood up in a nervous way, and after looking at him for a few seconds the president said:

"Brud-der Beebe, I was in a butcher shop one evenin' not long since when you came in. You wanted a pound of sliced bacon for breakfast, but you couldn't dun say so in plain words. You had to ring in sich words as elimi-nate, deductive, aspirations, contem-plative and assiduous, and while tryin' to foiler you and wonderin' whether you was a fool or a villain de butcher cut his thumb and throwed a mutton bone at you and chased you out. What was your object in usin' dem big words?"

"I wanted dat butcher to see dat I was up to date."

"And if you was up to date, den what?"

"He wouldn't cheat me on de bacon."

"Did you know de meanin' of one of de words?"

"No, sah."

"Jest shot 'em right off to scare de butcher?"

"Yes, sah."

"Waal, pore old man, set down. I wish I had some catnip tea for you."

"I hain't gwine to say to de mem-bers of dis club dat dey can't use big words whenever dey wants to, but what I wish to observe is dis: Dat de next time one of 'em am complained of for a lunatic or a fool we shan't have any further use for him. We am a plain lot of men. We make use of a plain language. We call a tater a tater and a pumpkin a pumpkin. If dar am any among us who want to eventuate de restorative or inculcate de impecun-ity of de dumoodle let 'em go ahead and see whar dey will bring up."

"We will now acquituate de meet-ing and prevaricate to our insidious domicils."

M. QUAD.

The Idiotic Joker.

The Observant Individual—How high in the air the telephone company strings its wires!

The Idiotic Joker—Yes. Evidently it wants to keep up the conversation.—Judge.

Buying the Enemy's Ammunition.



The Candidate—And you might send some eggs round to my hotel.

Village Elector—Yes, sir. How many would you like?

The Candidate—I—I think I'll take all you've got.—Tattler.

A Tender Appeal.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man, Bake me a cake As quick as you can. For, on my word, To tackle another one Made by me.

The last she made was all too doughy; Inside black instead of snowy. Outside pasty instead of brown; It wouldn't rise—but it had to go down!

It gave us all such indigestion! Mother's cakes are out of de question. So hurry up, please, and pat us a cake, And we will eat the one you make. Mother can't make 'em, but you can, So pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man.

Bake me a cake as quick as you can! —"Nursery Rhymes," by Cousin Evelina, in Alfie Bloop's Half Holiday.

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Faith and Works.

Tess—Mr. Gayman, of course, is a no-torious flirt, and yet his wife declares she has great faith in him.

Jess—My dear girl, when a society woman speaks of her faith in her hus-band she simply means faith in his ability to make money for her.—Cath-olic Standard and Times.

The Realist.

"Sketches in a wonderful artist, isn't he?"

"What's he done how?"

"In a magazine story he illustrated this line: 'For an hour she sat silent and motionless, waiting.' The picture is so realistic that if you watch it for half an hour it neither speaks nor moves. Wonderful, simply wonder-ful!"—Kansas City Times.

Easy.

The professor of mathematics expe-rienced quite a little difficulty in mak-ing one of his class comprehend the theory of limits. To make the theorem more intelligible he resorted to the fol-lowing illustration:

"Now, Mr. C.," he proposed, "suppose you were 100 feet from a rabbit and you gave him chase, and in the first minute you gained one-half of the in-tervening distance and likewise in the next and in each succeeding minute; at last, if you were four inches from the rabbit, would you ever catch him? Re-member, you gain one-half of the inter-vening distance each minute."

"If I was four inches from the rab-bit," replied the student, "I would reach out and grab it!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Creasures of Impulse.

"So you can't help stealing?" asked the magistrate kindly.

"No, your honor; an impulse comes over me that I can't resist."

"Too bad, too bad! An impulse to send you up for six months is getting hold of me. There! It's got hold. Six months; can't resist. Impulse is a won-derful thing!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Extremes.

Ida—She hates Jack.

Belle—And why?

Ida—Because when he meets her he always says, 'There is nothing like old friends getting together.' She objects to the 'old.'—Detroit Tribune.

Extravagant Economy.

JOHN JONES he was a thrifty man And Mrs. Jones was, too— That is to say,

Good Mrs. J. Was thrifty and would do Her share in saving, but she thought Her husband was a bit too taut.

He kept the purse strings tied around His fingers in a twist, And every time She got a dime

She had to force his fist. "Don't spend so much," he'd always say.

"We're saving for a rainy day," John owned a lot of property In buildings, farms and grain, With stock galore

And stuff in store, But never stopped the strain To gather in all he could get Against the day that might be wet.

And still his wife could scarcely find Enough to eat and wear. Her bonnet had

Grown old and sad, Her clothes made people stare, But John stayed in his narrow way And harped upon "the rainy day."

Two years went by; John saved and saved, Until the "wet spring" came, When floods poured down

On farm and town, And washed away the same, Including John's possessions, which By now had made him very rich.

John and his wife took to the bills To save themselves, and he Began to swear

And rip and tear At his adversity. Indeed, it was enough to cause A man to break the ten first laws.

But Mrs. J. was less disturbed, And as she shook her head At John's distress

And wickedness In swearing so she said: "Now, John, don't carry on that way; You saved it for a rainy day."

—William J. Lampton in New York Trib-une.

It was at an English election meet-ing, and an excited man shouted to the candidate:

"Don't beat about the bush; answer my question 'Yes' or 'No!'"

The candidate replied, "But, my dear sir, there are some questions which cannot be answered 'Yes' or 'No.'"

The interrupter replied rudely with the single exclamation "Bosh!"

"Very well," replied the speaker, "I will prove what I say. Now, sir, the question I will put to you is this: 'Have you left off beating your wife?'"

—New York Times.

Who Holds the Banner for 1905

Why, the Canton Clipper line of course. It has the past year won the praise and confidence of hun-dreds of farmers and it will con-tinue to hold the banner for 1906 by placing in the hands of farm-ers the best line of farm imple-ments that money and skill can build.

Every SUCCESS

Double and Single Row Planter, Riding or Walking Cultivator, in fact from a gang down to a garden plow is every day winning more farmers over to the Canton line.

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